

The New York Times

MID-WEEK

PICTORIAL WAR EXTRA

Printed by the New Rotogravure Process

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1914

*Published every week by The New York Times Company, Times Square, New York. Subscription rate, \$1.25 for 3 months, \$5.00 per year.
Entered at the New York Post Office as second class matter.*



LAST OUTPOST OF THE BELGIAN CAVALRY WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY.
The Names on the Sign Post Have Been Painted Over to Confuse the Germans.

(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)

THE WAR SITUATION

Up to and Including October 11, 1914.

SO closely has the world's attention been fixed on the long-drawn-out and inconclusive drama in the north of France that the Russian campaign has assumed almost the character of a minor operation in the minds of many readers. When the historian comes to restore the balance he will take no such view of it. The campaign in the east is even more colossal than that in the west. This vast war will engage his attention equally in both its divisions.

The reason for our preoccupation with the French campaign is simple enough. It is for the same reason that a fist fight between our neighbors interests us more than a fight we hear of as happening to strangers in a part of the town we have never seen. We know France, even those of us who have never been there. Galicia, East Prussia, and Russian Poland, with the barbarous names of their towns and their unfamiliar geography, seem as remote to us as did Manchuria.

Greatest of Battle Lines

BUT the time is coming when we shall have to pay more attention to the eastern campaign. In some respects the scene there is more grandiose, fires the imagination more, than even the great spectacle in France. Russia has put forward the most enormous battle line in the history of the world. Her army now forms practically a continuous line from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathians, drawn in the shape of a tremendous bow, with the centre of the bow projecting forward toward the west.

This army is advancing against a combined army of Germans and Austro-Hungarians, and up to the present time its advance, if slow, has been successful. Practically all the important fighting has been along the two ends of the great bow, the north and south. The great Russian army of the centre has remained stationary, and the only news that has come from it indicating battle was a fragmentary allusion in a recent Petrograd announcement to fighting near Warsaw, on which the centre is resting.

This has given rise to conjecture about the failure of the centre to figure in the news. But the centre is projected so far forward that it would not be safe to move until the flanks come forward, too, to support it. This the flanks are now doing. That is, the centre of the bow cannot be pushed any further to the front unless the two ends keep pace with it.

At the beginning of the war the Russians in the north astonished Germany by a sudden dash into East Prussia, just as the French dashed into Alsace-Lor-

raine, and with about the same result. This advance projected them far beyond the rest of the battle line, the centre and left. The Germans rallied and pushed them back, and they are now advancing at a slower and more regular pace, while, far to the south, the left has been similarly advancing and pushing the Austrians further and further back, and while the centre waits, resting on Warsaw, for the two flanks to clear everything out of the way for the grand invasion.

The Russian Surprise

IN the progress of this advance great battles have been fought, to which the world has paid little attention because of its concentration on the so-called battle of the Aisne—which might better be called the Northern France campaign. Take, for instance, the battle of Augustowo, really a series of battles, which ended on or about Oct. 3. This ended, with a Russian victory, the attempt of the Germans to drive the Russians after their retreat from East Prussia.

It meant the turning of the retiring Russians upon their pursuers, the administering of a severe defeat to them, and the assumption of the offensive again by the Russians on the East Prussian border. It is comparable to the turning of Joffre's army upon the Germans at the Marne, when the Germans had pursued the French and British to the neighborhood of Paris, and its results, as to the general situation, were much the same. The historian will probably take the same interest in Augustowo that he does in the Marne, however much it may be slighted by contemporary comment.

There is a striking resemblance between the Russian and the Anglo-French campaigns. There was not the dramatic surprise afforded by the unexpected resistance of Belgium, but there was another, which was probably not less disconcerting to the Germans—the unforeseen mobilization of Russia a month before it was believed possible, and her sudden and appalling charge into East Prussia. This came while Germany was still sweeping everything before her in France. The Russians swept over East Prussia like a flood at the very time when, according to all the prophets, they ought to have been trying desperately to complete their mobilization and to hold off their adversaries as best they could.

This surprise made it necessary for the Germans to detach a large force from the west and send it to East Prussia, and this resulted in the greatest German victory of the war, the battle of Tannenberg. The Russians were driven out of East Prussia. But they retreated as Joffre did in France—that is, until they

could get to a place where they could turn and resume the offensive; and they have now resumed it.

While all this was going on in the north, the southern army, or left flank, was defeating the Austrians in battle after battle and advancing to the Carpathians, and the centre was standing pat. The fighting mentioned in the centre was probably due to German attacks made with a view to getting the Russians to relax their pressure on the north and south. Certainly the vigor with which the Germans followed up the pursuit in East Prussia was inspired with the desire to force the Russians to ease up their advance in the south. It did not have that effect, however. The Russian advance in the Austrian campaign did not relax, while in the north they only fell back behind the Niemen and then turned on their enemy.

The advantage so far is decidedly with the Russians, despite the failure of their theatrical dash into East Prussia. The Germans had the satisfaction of invading Russia on the north, but it resulted only in their defeat at Augustowo, and now their offensive has ended. The Russian army is now so nearly continuous that to defeat it will be far more difficult than to defeat the separate armies which formerly composed it; it will be like attacking a range of mountains in motion. Gen. Rennenkampf may be called the Russian Joffre; his advance, his retreat, and his swift and successful turn are so strikingly suggestive of Joffre's tactics that it almost seems as if the same man had planned both.

The Race to the North

THE feature of the war in the west during the last week has been the rapid northern movement of the French and British. This is what has been called the turning movement of the Allies, and its speed and the amount of ground it has covered have been without parallel. In one week they moved forty-five miles to the north, fighting every step of the way, and before the end of the week they reached the Belgian border.

If their object was to relieve Antwerp, it failed; if it was to turn the German right, it has failed so far; if it was to thin out the German line—which had to keep extending north to keep confronting it—until it found a weak spot that could be broken through, the weak spot has not been found yet. Having extended the battle line from the east of France to Belgium, this movement has made more apparent than ever the absurd inadequacy of calling the enormous thing we are seeing "the battle of the Aisne."

The great German success of the week has been the capture of Antwerp. What that means in a military sense it is too early to conjecture at this writing; but the moral effect of it is very great, both to the Germans and to the Allies.



INTERIOR OF THE BEAUTIFUL RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.
The medieval stained glass and many of the statues have been irreparably damaged in the bombardment.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



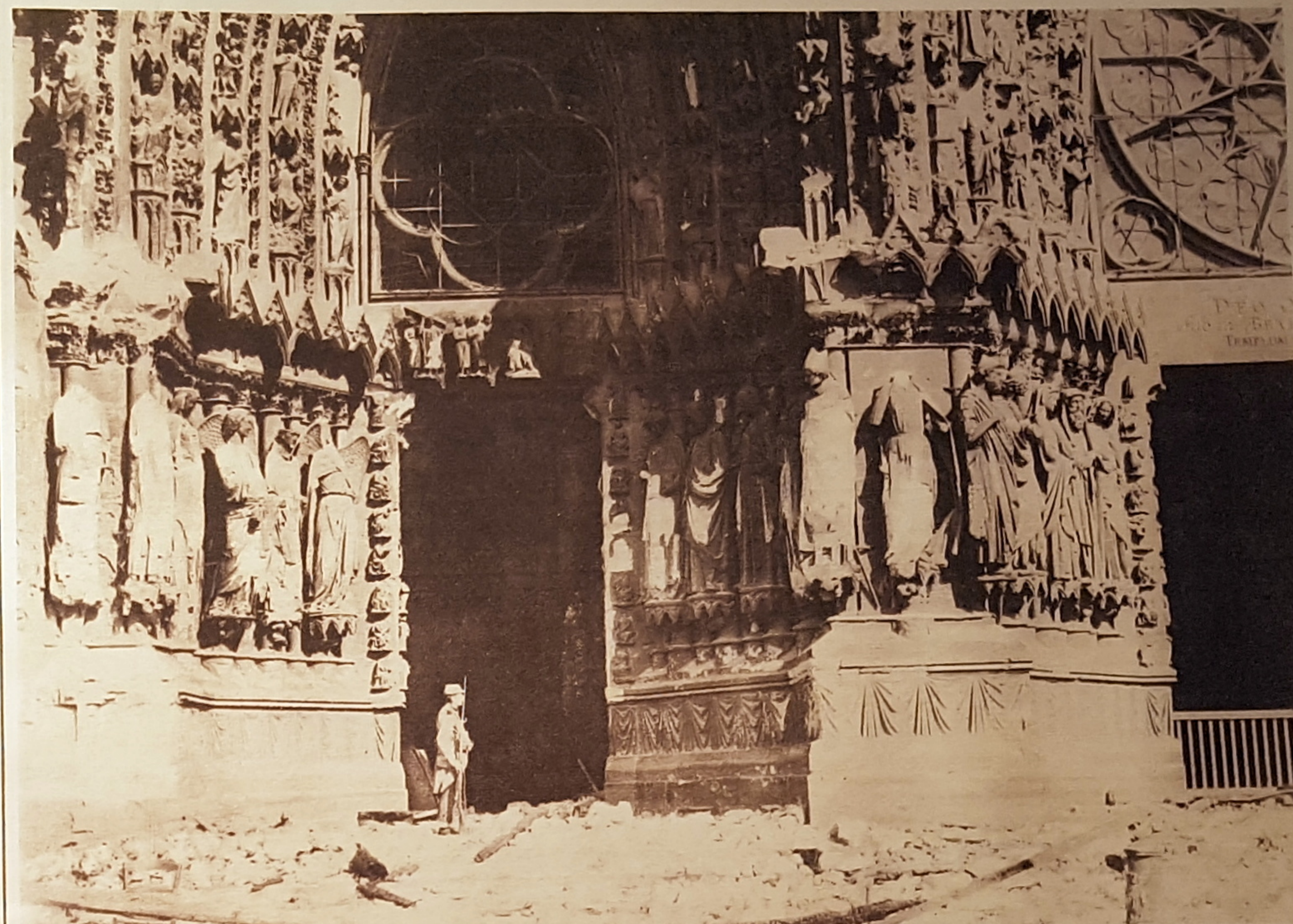
BELGIANS DESTROY THE RAILWAY LEADING TO BRUSSELS, BREAKING A GERMAN LINE OF COMMUNICATION.

(Photo from Sport & General War Service.)



THE PREOBREJENSKY REGIMENT AT THE FIELD MASS JUST BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.

(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



THE WEST DOOR OF THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE DAMAGED STATUARY AND A FRENCH SOLDIER ON GUARD.



THE RUINS OF RHEIMS AS SEEN FROM THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS. This picture was taken on September 26th, while the Germans were still bombarding the town.

(Photos (C) by International News Service.)



WRECK OF A FRENCH RED CROSS TRAIN AT A BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE.
Many French and British Wounded Soldiers Lost Their Lives.



AFTER THE BATTLE ON THE BARCY ROAD.
Bodies of Zouaves and Germans and Their Mounts Are Still Seen on the Field of Action.
(Photos (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIERS BEING CARED FOR IN A GERMAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL.
(Photos (C) by International News Service.)



A THOUSAND GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH
ON THE WAY TO BOARD A TRANSPORT FOR ENGLAND.



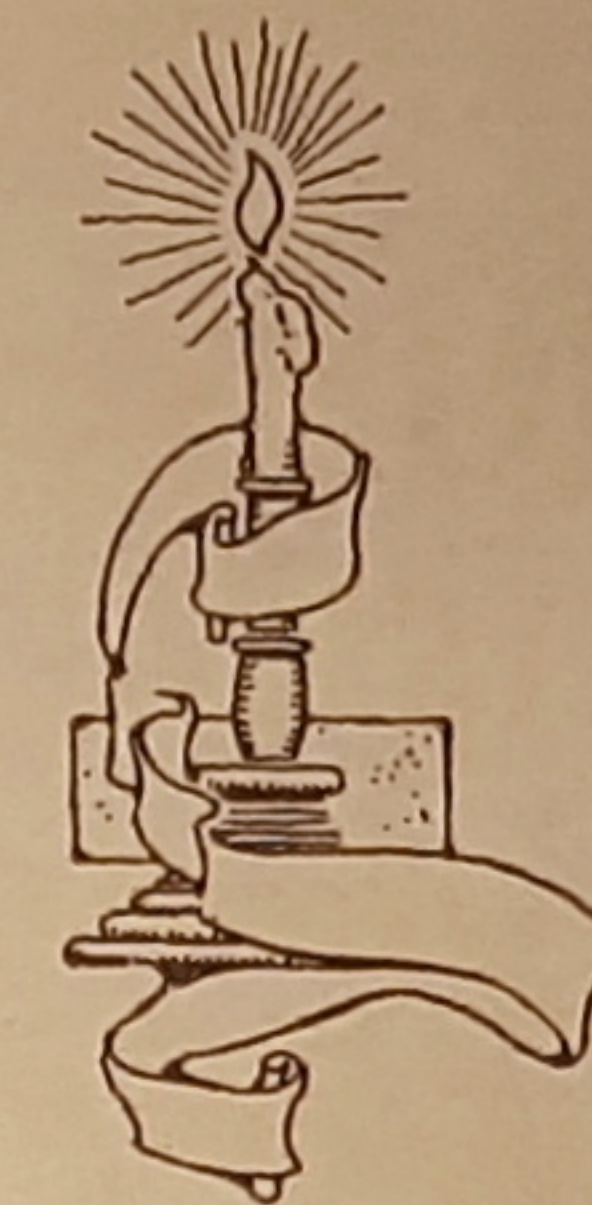
GERMAN REGIMENT LEAVING BERLIN TO AID IN CHECKING THE RUSSIANS AT THE EAST PRUSSIAN FRONTIER.



SOLDIERS ON GUARD AT AN ENTRANCE TO THE BERLIN SUBWAY.



WOMEN CAMP FOLLOWERS ON THE MARCH WITH THE AFRICAN TROOPS IN NORTHERN FRANCE
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



WOMAN and WAR

"Shot—Tell His Mother"

Written for The New York Times by W. E. P. French, Captain U. S. A.



HAT have I done to you, Brothers,—War-Lord and Land-Lord and Priest,—
That my son should rot on the blood-smeared earth where the raven and buzzard feast?
He was my baby, my man-child, that soldier with shell-torn breast,
Who was slain for your power and profit—aye, murdered at your behest.

I bore him, my boy and my manling, while the long months ebbed away:
He was part of me, part of my body, which nourished him day by day.
He was mine when the birth-pang tore me, mine when he lay on my heart,
When the sweet mouth mumbled my bosom and the milk-teeth made it smart.
Babyhood, boyhood and manhood, and a glad mother proud of her son—
See the carrion birds, too gorged to fly! Ah! Brothers, what have you done?

You prate of duty and honor, of a patriot's glorious death,
Of love of country, heroic deeds—nay, for shame's sake, spare your breath!
Pray, what have you done for your country? Whose was the blood that was shed
In the hellish warfare that served your ends? My boy was shot in your stead.

And for what were our children butchered, men makers of cruel law?
By the Christ, I am glad no woman made the Christless code of war!
Shirks and schemers, why don't you answer? Is the foul truth hard to tell?
Then a mother will tell it for you, of a deed that shames fiends in hell:—
Our boys were killed that some faction or scoundrel might win mad race
For goals of stained gold, shamed honors, and the sly self-seeker's place;
That money's hold on our country might be tightened and made more sure;
That the rich could inherit earth's fullness and their loot be quite secure;
That the world-mart be wider opened to the product mulct from toil;
That the labor and land of our neighbors should become your war-won spoil;

That the eyes of an outraged people might be turned from your graft and greed
In the misruled, plundered home-land by lure of war's ghastly deed;
And that priests of the warring nations could pray to the selfsame God
For His blessing on battle and murder and corpse-strewn, blood-soaked sod.
Oh, fools! if God were a woman, think you She would let kin slay
For gold-lust and craft of gamblers, or cripple that trade might pay?

This quarrel was not the fighters':—the cheated, red pawns in your game:—
You stay-at-homes garnered the plunder, but the pawns,—wounds, death, and "Fame!"
You paid them a beggarly pittance, your substitute prey-of-the sword,
But, ye canny beasts of prey, they paid, in life and limb, for your hoard.
And, behold! you have other victims: a widow sobs by my side,
Who clasps to her breast a girl-child. Men, she was my slain son's bride!

I can smell the stench of the shambles, where the mangled bodies lie;
I can hear the moans of the wounded; I can see the brave lads die;
And across the heaped, red trenches and the tortured, bleeding rows
I cry out a mother's pity to all mothers of dear, dead "foes."
In love and a common sorrow, I weep with them o'er our dead,
And invoke my sister woman for a curse on each scheming head.

Nay, why should we mothers curse you? Lo! flesh of our flesh are ye;
But, by soul of Mary who bore the Christ man-murdered at Calvary,
Into our own shall the mothers come, and the glad day speed apace
When the law of peace shall be the law of the women that bear the race;
When a man shall stand by his mother, for the world-wide common good,
And not bring her tears and heart-break nor make mock of her motherhood.



RUINS OF HOHENSTEIN, EAST PRUSSIA, DESTROYED BY AN ARTILLERY DUEL BETWEEN THE RUSSIANS AND GERMANS.



REFUGEES FROM EAST PRUSSIA ARRIVING AT ALLENSTEIN.
(Photos (C) by International News Service.)



BELGIANS AT PRAYER BEFORE A WAYSIDE CHURCH NEAR GHENT.
(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



TAKING FRENCH WOUNDED INTO A BARGE FOR TRANSPORTATION TO PARIS BY THE RIVER SEINE.
(Photos (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



Germans Searching for Belgians Who Hid Themselves Among the Wounded in the Trenches at Eppichem.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



A Dutch Sailor Congratulating a Survivor of One of the Three Lost British Cruisers in the Hospital at Ymuiden.

"THE ATTACK BY FIRE," by Alphonse Marie de Neuville



THE FRENCH ATTEMPTING TO BURN A HOUSE BARRICADED AND LOOPHOLED BY THE PRUSSIAN IN THE VILLAGE OF VILLERSEXEL, JANUARY 9TH, 1871.
This Masterpiece, by the Greatest of French Military Painters, Was Sold to Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia for Twenty-Eight Thousand Dollars.
(Reproduced by Courtesy of Monzi Jolyant & Co.)



MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN LANDSTURM IN EAST PRUSSIA PACKING TROPHIES OF WAR CAPTURED FROM THE RUSSIANS.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



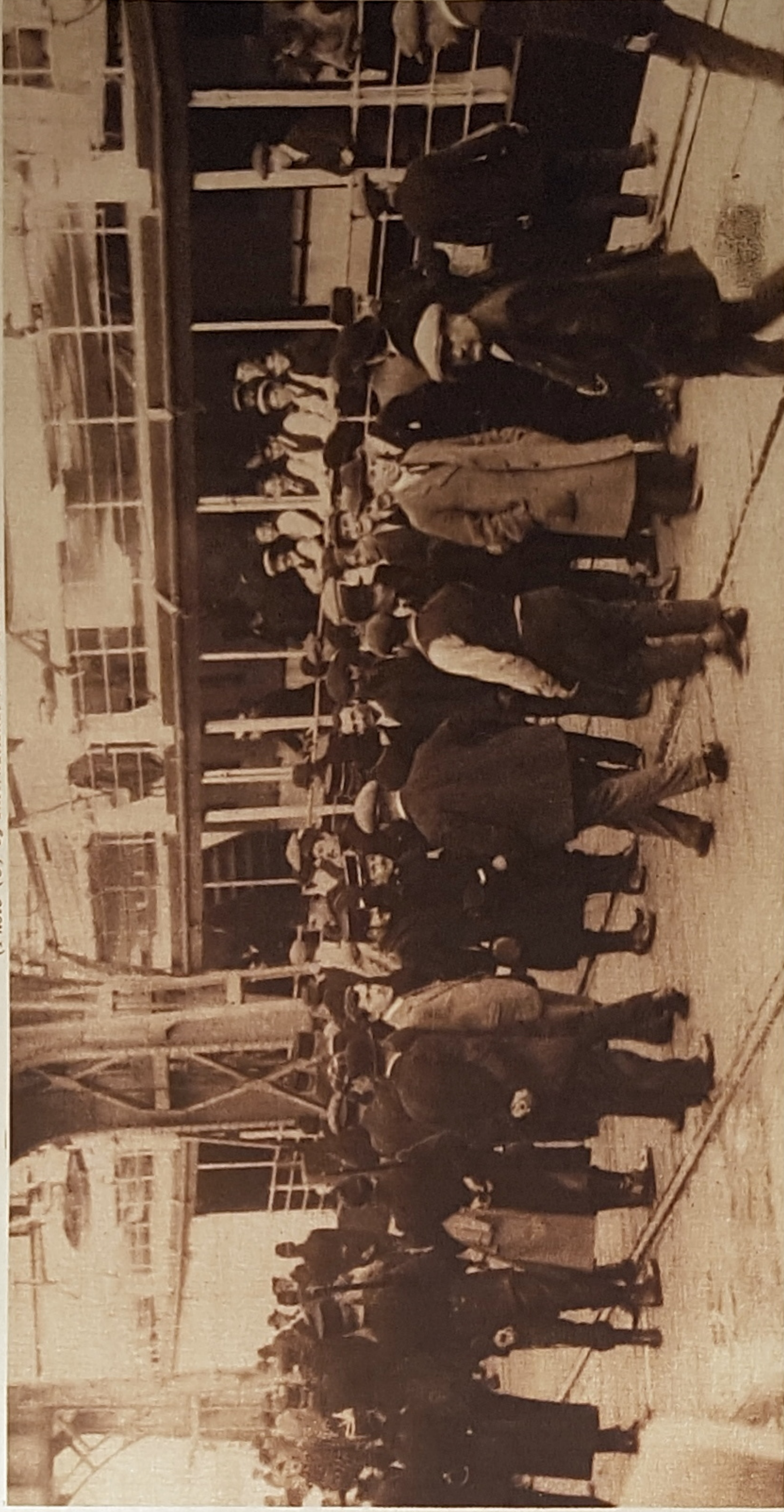
FUNERAL OF A FRENCH SOLDIER WHO HAD DIED IN HOSPITAL FROM HIS WOUNDS.



WRECK OF A GERMAN TAUBE AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN BY BRITISH RIFLE FIRE.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



A COMMISSARY TRAIN OF THE ALLIES SHOWING ALGERIAN, FRENCH AND BRITISH TROOPS TOGETHER IN THE FIELD.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



BELGIAN SOLDIERS BOUND FOR RUSSIA ON A SECRET MISSION EMBARKING AT ZEE BRUGGE.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



HOUSEHOLDERS SEARCHING THE RUINS OF THEIR HOMES AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF TERMONDE.
(Photo from T. W. Williams.)



THE GERMAN WARSHIP GOEBEN HAS BEEN RECHRISTENED YAVAUZ AND MANNED BY TURKS IN THE BLACK SEA.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



RECRUITS AND RESERVISTS MOBILIZING IN TURKEY AS A POSSIBLE FACTOR IN THE WAR.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



RUSSIAN FIELD KITCHEN CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS IN THE EAST PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



ALGERIAN TROOPS FIRING FROM BEHIND A BAGGAGE WAGON IN A STREET NEAR SOISSONS.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



INVALID SOLDIERS EAGER FOR NEWS AT THE MILE-END ROAD HOSPITAL IN LONDON.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



THE "ZEITGEIST" IN BAVARIA.
The home-made siege gun bears their slogan, "Nach Paris."
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



TRENCHES VACATED BY GERMANS AT SEZANNE USED AS A GRAVE FOR THE DEAD.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



SERVIAN RESERVISTS RESTING AT NISH BEFORE DEPARTING FOR THE FRONT.
(Photo (C) by American Press Association.)



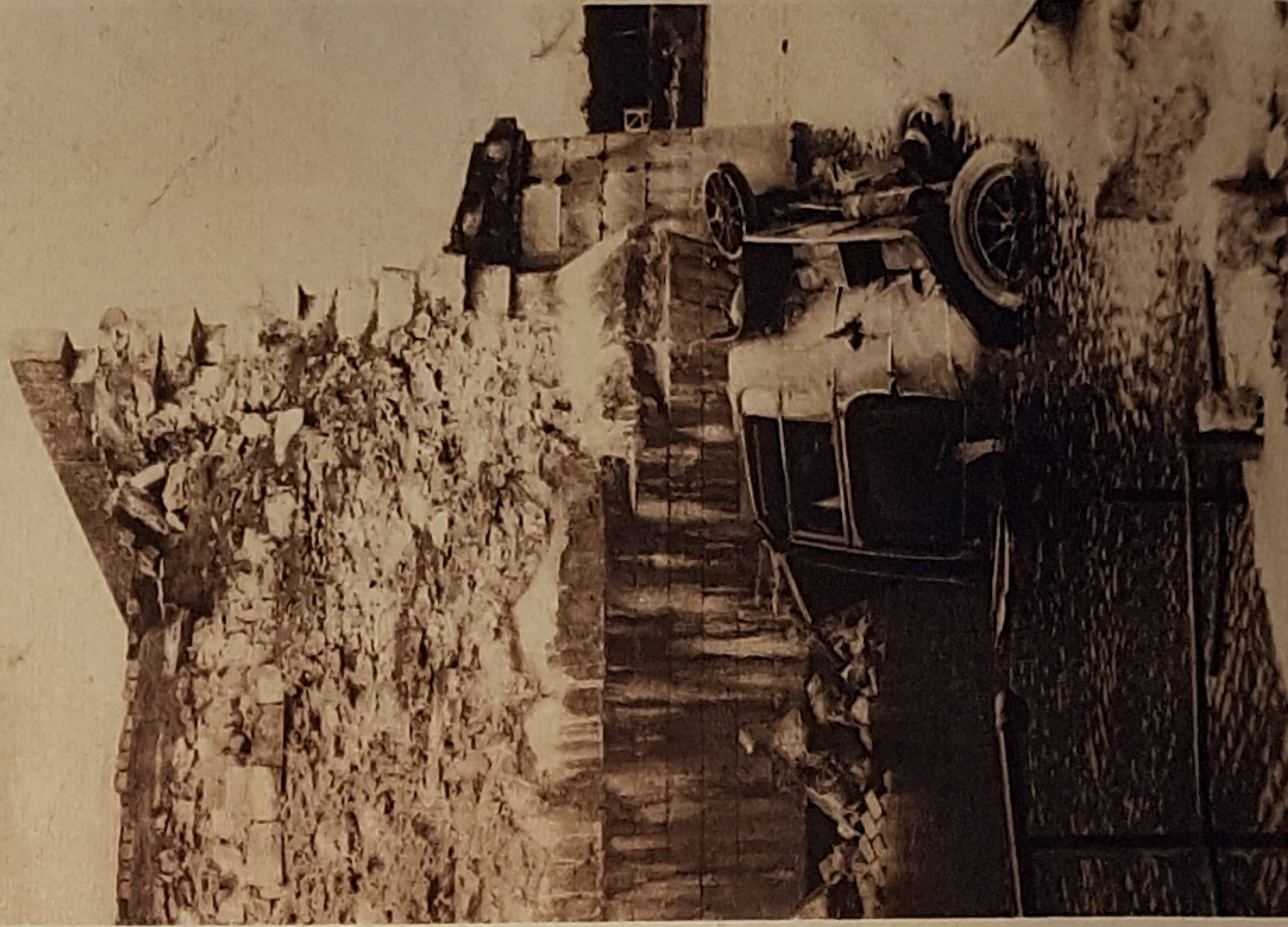
TURCOS HALTING ON THE MARCH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SOISSONS.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



BELGIANS SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR "SNIPING" BEING LED TO EXECUTION BY THE GERMANS.
(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



French Soldiers Establishing Temporary Telegraph Lines in a Village South of Noyon.
(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



German Military Auto and Bridge Over the Marne at Trilport Destroyed by the Allies.
(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



A TRAIN CARRYING WOUNDED SOLDIERS PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER OURCQ, NEAR LIZY, FRANCE, WHEN THE BRIDGE WAS BLOWN UP.
Forty Soldiers Were Drowned in the Wreck.



A Damaged Shrine in the Ruined Church of the Bequignage at Termonde.



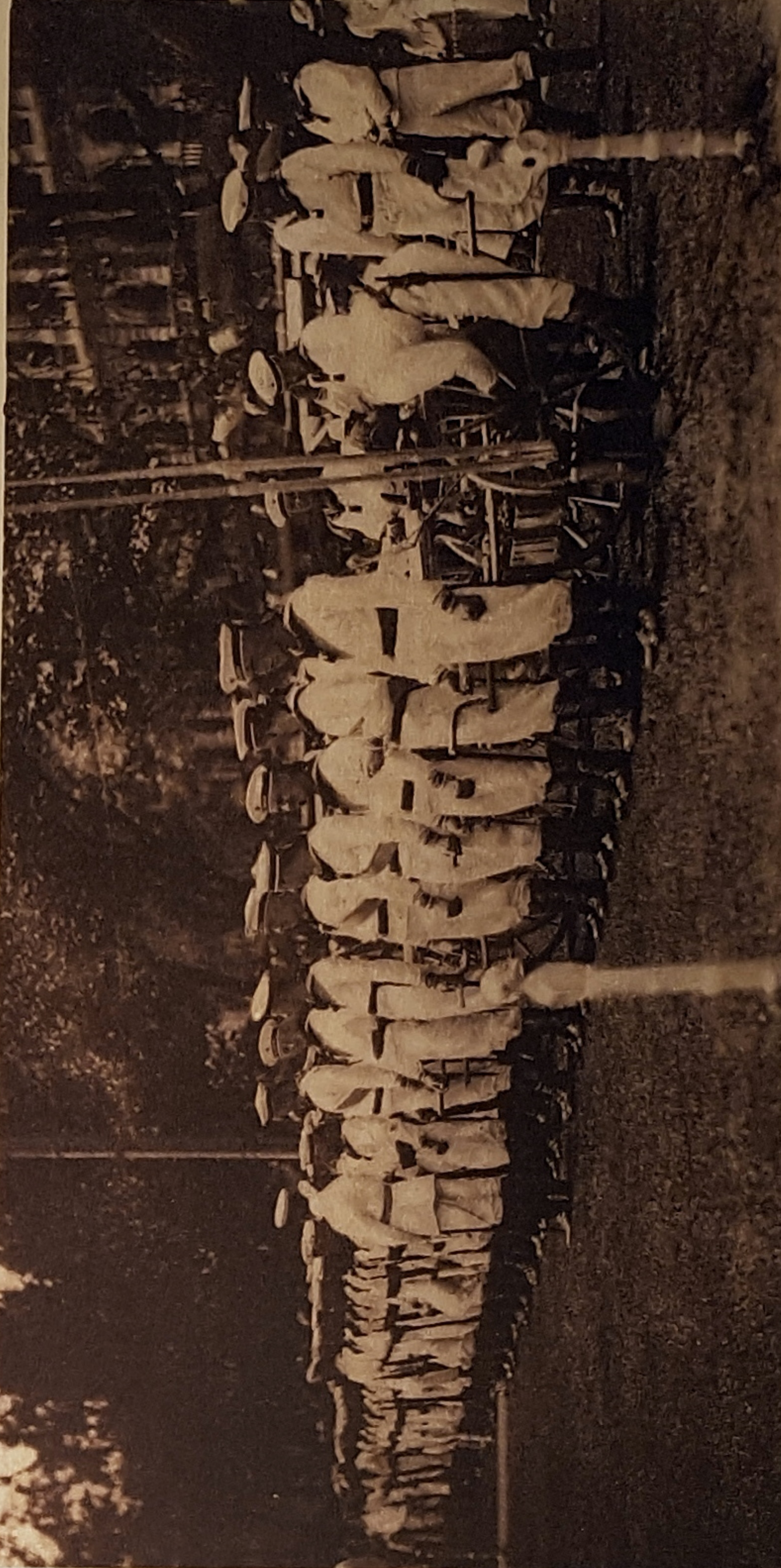
Lady Dorothy Fielding Serving as a Red Cross Nurse at Alost in Belgium.
(Photos (C) by International News Service.)



BELGIANS GUARDING THE ROADS TO ANTWERP BEHIND A TREE TRUNK BARRICADE.
(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



MEYER VON WALDECK AND STAFF COMMANDING THE DEFENSE OF TSING-TAU.
The second figure from the front is von Waldeck.

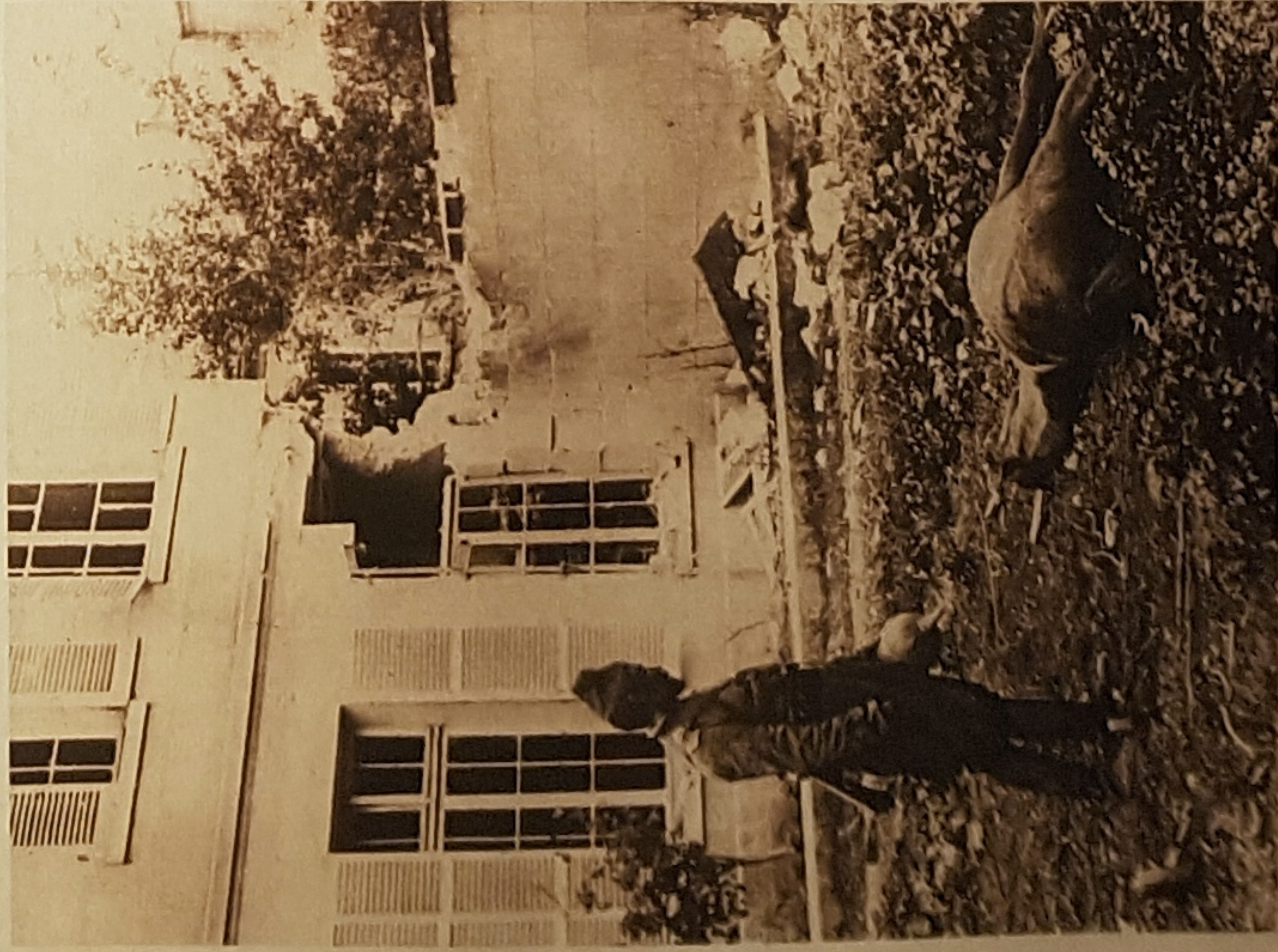


GERMAN SAILORS AT SHANGHAI JUST BEFORE JOINING IN THE DEFENSE OF TSING-TAU.
(Photos (C) by International News Service.)



BELGIAN TROOPS CROSSING A REPAIRED BRIDGE OVER THE SCHELDT NEAR ANTWERP.

(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



An African Chasseur Whose Horse Was Killed in a Garden at Soissons.

(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



French Soldier Assisting a Wounded Comrade in the Trenches at Soissons.

(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



CONVOY OF ALGERIAN TROOPS CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE AT COMPIEGNE.

(Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood.)



THE ABBE ROBAN, OF RUVES WHOSE CHURCH WAS DESTROYED.

(Photo (C) by International News Service.)



A German Broadsheet Shows What Their Huge Shells Did to the Forts of Liege, Namur, Longwy and Maubeuge.

(Photo (C) by American Press Assn.)



THE FAMOUS CASINO AT DEAUVILLE, WHERE FOUR HUNDRED WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIERS ARE BEING CARED FOR. Major Brochard, in Charge of the Hospital, Stands to the Right of Marthe Chenal (in the centre), the French Opera Singer. The Nurse Wearing a Chain of Beads Is Isadora Duncan, the Dancer.

(Photo from Alfred Keene, Aide de Camp of Major Brochard.)